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## THE APRIL RECORD.

The Number of "WORLDS" Printed  
During the Month of April, 1889, WasTEN MILLION  
FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVEN  
THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED  
AND EIGHTY.

## THE DAILY AVERAGE WAS

350,256,

Exceeding the Combined Circulation  
of Any Two Other American  
Newspapers.

## CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL

## A RECORD TO BE PROUD OF.

This is the anniversary of THE WORLD's sixth birthday under its present management. In its issue this morning is reprinted in detail the story of its marvelous growth in influence and circulation and as a medium of advertising.

It is truly a record of deeds accomplished at which the world at large may well wonder. THE WORLD in all of its editions is the organ of the people and not of cliques. In defense of the people's rights it has ever fought valiantly. By its sturdy blows giant monopolies have been brought low and right has triumphed over money.

By its vigilance, fearlessness, independence and championship of law and order, criminals entrenched behind almost insurmountable barriers of influence have been brought to bar and placed in prison where they belonged, deep mysteries have been solved, reputations cleared of unjust suspicions, the weak succored, the hungry fed, unworthy servants exposed, and patriotism exalted.

The good of the country has been its especial care, and it has never sought favor with the powerful at the sacrifice of its exercise of honest criticism of error.

## BLUE-COATED TERRORS.

As a whole the police force of this city is an admirable body of men. Of its efficiency we have often spoken in terms of highest praise. But like all bodies of men, it contains its black sheep. The eradication of this disreputable element should be the desire of the worthy members, and especially of those responsible for the discipline of the force.

To shield a policeman from the consequences of brutal acts is not only a crime against the public, whose servant he is, but it throws discredit upon the whole Department.

The developments in the FINE case show that instead of being preservers of the peace and defenders of the dignity of the law, there are some policemen who are terrorists not to evil-doers, but to the weak and helpless.

What a travesty on justice to see a police officer the pet of a grog-shop!

The idea that a policeman can do no wrong has been too often dissipated to be entertained. They are very human, and sometimes inhuman.

The presumption that a man is guilty of crime simply because a policeman says so is untenable. All the veracity in this city is not enveloped in blue coats.

In the FINE case let justice be done, even though "one of the finest" is stripped of his uniform and pilloried for his misconduct.

## MR. GERRY'S EXCESS OF ZEAL.

THE EVENING WORLD regrets to see that Mr. EDWARD T. GERRY still spends a good portion of his time at Albany in his efforts to finally defeat the Children's Bill.

It is extraordinary that any man who has the welfare of young children at heart should so oppose this humane measure, and that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should seek to defeat a bill that, while it will remedy the many abuses and errors of its agents, will in no wise restrict its broad field for admirable work.

THE EVENING WORLD has never impugned Mr. GERRY's motives, or questioned his devotion to his charity. But the undeniable injustice and hardship resulting from the present automatic law are none the less real because Mr. GERRY has been moved merely by an excess of zeal.

## MEN'S RIGHTS.

Slowly but surely places heretofore exclusively held by men are being encroached upon by women. But one citadel was sup-

posed to be impregnable—the smoking-car. Alas! that, too, is now being invaded by the cigarette-smoking females, and there is great consternation in consequence.

The members of the fair sex are generally welcome everywhere, and the refining influence of their presence is manifested quickly, but it does seem as though they might let the smoking-cars alone. It is the common wallowing place of men of all degrees. True democracy reigns in the smoking-car. Within its portals all caste distinctions are leveled, that cleanliness which is next to godliness is unknown.

The smoking-car has been to the masculine gender a haven of rest, a safe shield for the whiskey flask, and a place where they could be just as "mannish" as they pleased.

The introduction of females into the smoking-car must not be encouraged. They do not look well therein. The line of woman's advance must be drawn somewhere. Let it be at the threshold of the perambulating smoking-pen.

## MUNDANE MATTERS.

The Judges of the Lackawanna County (Pa.) Court held a session in the open air yesterday to hear argument in a railroad case. They sat on a log. It is to be hoped that the decision will not be a record of judicial log-rolling.

The pension case is extending rapidly. We shall not be surprised to hear some day of a demand for pensions from an amalgamated union of those who lost their courage during the war.

The vote on the Rapid Transit bill in the Assembly yesterday was a tie. The expressions of disappointment among city people at the postponement of needed relief may be called "the morning of the tie."

By some the furious wind-storm of yesterday is thought to have been caused by the bursting of hitherto pent-up wrath of the boisterous spoliemen. They are a windy set.

The peds at Madison Square Garden may not break the record, but they are all broken up themselves.

World reporters visit the Navy-Yard at Mid-night and pass the Sleeping Sentinels. Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

## THE CARTERS REST.

Their Case Will Probably Go to the Jury Friday Next.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)  
CHICAGO, May 11.—Both sides in the Carter divorce suit rested today. It is expected that four days will be consumed by the speeches of the lawyers, each taking a day, and in that event the case will go to the jury Friday. Mrs. Carter denied the statement of Kate Gansley that she stood beside a man on the north terrace of the Cooper House and held in her hand a glass of some liquid in which there were two straws. Susan Petersen, Mrs. Carter's maid, testified that Mrs. Carter's statement relative to the Cooper House affair and swore that the chambermaid at the Fifth Avenue Hotel supplied the mail into which the Dening letters were thrown, and from which Carter said he picked the fragments of the letters together. He swore that he had long known the old lady. She is the grandmother of one of the prettiest and richest girls in the city.

Q. Was the Constable you met a man with gray hair? A. No, sir.

The object of calling Prentiss was to show that, in her anxiety to explain her relations with Constable, Mrs. Carter had under-estimated the probability of his being taken for a gallant by the fact that he was nearly sixty years of age. When Carter again took the stand he gave the direct to Mrs. Carter in regard to the way he came to the Cooper House. He swore that he accidentally found it. This closed the testimony and the case was adjourned until Monday.

New York has a leper. Read about him in the SUNDAY WORLD.

## THEY CAST BREAK ON THE WATERS.

But the Duquesne Strikers Didn't Have the Power in Mind.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)  
PROGRESS, Pa., May 11.—Three men, who have been working in the mills since the trouble began and were living in Cochran's row, attempted to go to work as usual at 7 o'clock this morning. They had not proceeded far when they were met by a gang of the strikers who called a halt. The men kept on moving towards the works until they came breast to breast with the strikers. They wanted to proceed, but the strikers would not allow them. Hot words followed, and the men showed a determination to go on when three of the strikers whipped out two revolvers and demanded that they stop. When the men realized what a position they were in and knowing that another step would probably mean the death of some of them, they turned and retraced their steps. The strikers drove them to their house, where they are at present.

An incident that much resembles the action of the famous Boston tea party was enacted at the Monongahela River landing at this place. It is customary for Mr. Fawcett, who is running the boarding-house for the men who are working in the mill, to bring his provisions across at an early hour. This morning the ferryman was carrying about five barrels of bread to be taken into the boarding-house. The strikers met the ferryman just as he landed and took the bread and threw it into the water. After the bread had all been dumped into the river the ferryman was permitted to resume his duties. No one appears to know who the men were that threw the bread overboard, or at least no one has as yet been arrested.

What good does a dejected wife get from imprisoning her husband asks the SUNDAY WORLD?

Turney's Sentence Must Stand.  
Des Moines, Ia., May 11.—The Iowa Supreme Court yesterday decided that the sentence of Chester Turney must stand. Turney was a youth sentenced to seven and one-half years' imprisonment for burglary, because, it is alleged, he released a short-term murderer to the conviction of prominent citizens for various illegal acts. The case has been made the subject for long continued agitation in Iowa, one phase culminating in the indictment and trial of Gov. Larrabee for criminal libel.

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THE CHIEF REASON for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article herein. It is Merit that Wins, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it has given this medicine a popularity and sale greater than any other medicine or blood purifier.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Give it a trial.

## MERRY TOPICS OF THE DAY.

HUMAN NATURE AS DEPICTED BY THE  
PENS OF HUMORISTS.

Limited Capabilities.

(From Punch.)



Mr. Washington McAllister Milton—"Patent safety razor: a birthday remembrance from Miss Julia Marbury."—Now, that's very kind of Julia; but she's been in a city long enough to know a thing like that's no use for a gentleman to take to a party!

## Oratory for You.

(From the Epoch.)

Daughter—Talk about your Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Everett, Calhoun, &c., please! Henry made a better speech than any of them last night.

Father—What did he say?  
Daughter—He said: "I love you; I have three millions. Will you have me?"

Attention, Athletics!—Read in the SUNDAY WORLD of the coming boat race.

## Poor Don Miguel.

(From the Epoch.)

Mother (calling daughter from parlor)—What is that horrible smell?  
Daughter—Pohh! Be quiet, Don Miguel de Caramba is with me. He has eighteen millions. What you smell is his garlic breath and the onion pomatum he uses. Just wait till I'm his wife.

## Mother—All right.

(From the Epoch.)

Didn't Want the Title.  
Professor (to guide)—What is the name of this lake?  
Guide—I don't know.  
Well, as a guide, you ought to know.  
Yes, and have the people call me Professor.

Read Nettie Bly's experiences with an unlicensed patronizer, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

## Rain Measurement.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"What is the average rainfall per month in this Oklahoma country?" inquired the boomer from Illinois.  
"As near as I can guess," said the boomer from Missouri, "is a severe mental effort. It's about five fingers."

## She Saw Through It.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Miss De Pink—Oh, mother, that reminds me. The other day I was riding in the cars when that wrinkled old lady came in, and it's a fact that Mr. Desmart, who didn't know me at that time and didn't even see me, jumped right up and offered the old lady a seat. Want to know why?

Mrs. De Pink (serenely)—He did not know you at that time, but I happen to be aware that he has long known the old lady. She is the grandmother of one of the prettiest and richest girls in the city.

What satisfaction does a dejected wife get from shutting up her spouse in prison walls? See the SUNDAY WORLD.

## Unprofessional Conduct.

(From the Epoch.)

A.—How's the young doctor doing?  
B.—Pitifully—Doing. The messily upstart! He's stealing my patients, that's what he's doing. Why, last week old Hunk was sick. I told him he couldn't get well. I gave him up. And what does this young pup do but step in and cure him, and that, mind you, after I'd given him up. Such conduct is a disgrace to any school of medicine—the scoundrel.

## A Human Iceberg.

(From the Epoch.)

Ted—So she cost you all that money? Why, the boat must be made of ice-cream by this time.  
Ned—I guess you're right. She is a Boston girl and a regular freezer herself.

## It Turned Up Too Soon.

(From the Epoch.)

"What's the matter, Bromley?"  
"I've recovered my value."  
"I don't see why you should swear in that way about it."  
"Oh, you don't, eh? The damned thing isn't worth \$5, and it had to turn up just when the clerk was about to allow me \$50 for it. It's not my luck."

Read in the SUNDAY WORLD about the leper in the midst of us.

## A Lesson in Love.

(From the Epoch.)

George (nervously)—Do you love me? Will you marry me?  
Almira—Not so fast, George. One at a time, please.

## Crushed Again.

(From the Epoch.)

Miss Lovelorn—Did you mean that as a smile at me?  
Olibean—No, my dear; it was a twinge of the rheumatism.

## Kept Both Kinds.

(From the Epoch.)

Lady (at general store)—I want a bird.  
Clerk—Yes, ma; bunnet or dinner?

## Don't Worry.

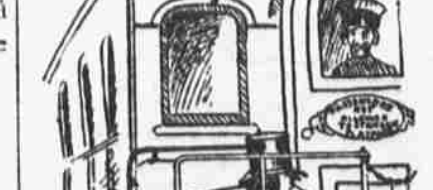
(From the Epoch.)

Husband—I'm going into business in Wall street and don't know whether to be a "bull" or a "bear."  
Wife—Don't worry, dear; you will always be a bear of some kind.

## Complying with the Rules.

(From Judge.)

Judge—Why did you kill the man?  
Murderer—To get his watch.  
Judge—And why did you give yourself up?  
Murderer—I was a witness.



THE favorite shiner, MARY POWELL, will commence her regular trips for the season on Wednesday, May 22, making all usual landings.

MONKIE'S TWEETING CORRAL, in teasing soothes the gums and calms the nerves. 25 cents.

RACKACHE, LAME BACK, RHEUMATISM, USE CARTER'S SMART PAIN EXPELLER AND BELLADONNA PLASTER.

OLD Mr. Photo—It's a pecky onhandy way of gittin' on 'em cars, but I wose them rules has got ter be tolled.

Trading with the Nations in the Interior of Africa. Read THE SUNDAY WORLD.

THEY HAVE MOVED.  
The fire insurance sale of man's clothing has moved to 335 Broadway, corner of Spring street. Make no mistake, go to Spring street and you will see the place. Get this out and go to Spring street for the fire sale of clothing.

## BY MR. HANKINS'S ORDERS.

JOCKEY McLAUGHLIN'S ACTION PRAISED  
BY HIS FRIENDS.

Pat Sheedy Eulogizes the California Athletic Club—Chayuski, the Pole, Matched to Fight Jim Corbett—Joe Glassey Will Accept Jack Griffin's Challenge—Jack McAllister Willing to Meet Carroll.

There is not a sporting man in this city of any standing who condemns Jockey Jimmy McLaughlin's action at the Nashville track in checking Terra Cotta's winning pace in the Rock City Handicap to allow Santalene, the stable companion, to cross the line first.  
Clara C. came in ahead by a slip, but the Chicago stable lads were only carrying out Mr. Hankins's orders. While many blame Mr. Hankins, no one who knows the Hartford jockey can be got to find the least fault with him. He has always been remarkable for his upright character.

Pat Sheedy has just received an interesting letter from William Jordan, of the California Athletic Club, in which Mr. Jordan says that the largest crowd that ever gathered in the Club's rooms was present at the Cardiff-Jackson fight. Two hundred members joined the Club expressly to witness it. The crowd that collected in the street, completely blocking it as far as the Palace Hotel, was unprecedented.

Sheedy, by the way, is grieved that he should have been made to say in a recent newspaper article that Mr. Vice was not a member of the California Athletic Club. As long as the Club has him for a President it will prosper. I knew that Mr. Vice had been a director of the Club for two years. The crowd that collected in the California Athletic Club it would be a grand thing.

The Pole, Choyuski, who is looked upon as a coming man by Californians, and Jim Corbett, who is the instructor of boxing at the Olympic Club, are matched to fight soon to a finish for \$1,000 a side, in private, only ten persons on a job to be present.

Joe Glassey says he will accept Jack Griffin's challenge to meet him in a finish fight at 105 pounds for \$1500. How Glassey would like to see the Illustrated News office to post forfeit and sign articles.

The California Jimmy Carroll expresses himself as very anxious to have a "go" at Jim Corbett. He is more than glibly able to do it. The California Athletic will try to arrange a match.

Jack McAllister says he is perfectly willing to accept Carroll's offer to fight him and that a trip to California would have no attraction.

The second boxing, wrestling and gymnastic entertainment at the State Island Athletic Club will take place this evening at the State Island Athletic Club House.

The Gramercy Boat Club holds its annual "opening" this afternoon.

Any boy of fourteen or fifteen wishing to join an athletic club can do so by applying to W. O'Brien, 103 Sullivan street.

Lord Fauntleroy's Mamma Intervened for Otter Logan for THE SUNDAY WORLD.

## POLICEMAN HEALEY'S TRIAL.

It May Bring Out Interesting Developments on May 22.

The charges against Policeman Healey, of the Mulberry street station, for the unwarranted arrest of Mrs. Finn, have been properly formulated, and will be presented to the Commissioners at the meeting on May 22, as the trial docket is filled with other cases.

During this trial interesting developments may be brought out regarding the "protection" accorded McGurk's saloon, and the evidence so far secured is so far from being forthcoming from a man who left his name and address with Mr. Finn yesterday and announced his willingness to testify that not only McGurk's place open on Sunday, but that he was robbed of a silver watch at the time.

A neighbor of Mr. Finn who witnessed her arrest but is not personally acquainted with her, said to a reporter yesterday that to her Policeman Healey looks every indication of having been drinking, and that he was very rough in his treatment of Mrs. Finn.

Inspector Williams still maintains a dignified silence, and is evidently chagrined at the merited rebuke by Sgt. Murray, in revoking the his inspector's decision and ordering a complaint against Healey.

Career of a Prima Donna. Emma Nevada's brilliant successes told in the SUNDAY WORLD.

The Time for Mirth.  
Merritt—Do you always laugh that way over your own jokes, old man?  
Joker—No; only when I sell them.

Give Logan's visit to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. See the SUNDAY WORLD.

Public Schools Get the Cold Medal.  
In accordance with the consolidated reports, the judges of the recent civic and industrial parade have awarded the cold medal to the public schools of this city. The veteran Firemen's Association received the silver medal and the College of the City of New York, Columbia College, Operative Plasterers' Society, Hebrew Choral Association and German Butchers' Industry each receive prize banners.

How Ellen Terry Appears Off the Stage. Romantic incidents in her life. Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

New Music.  
Sheets—Tooter had an addition to his family this morning.  
Editor—What was it?  
Sheets—A boy.  
Editor—Make a note of it under the head of "New Music."

Marriage a Failure.  
Besie—Gracie, poor thing, cried at her marriage.  
Jennie—Yes; and I understand she has done little else ever since.

An unlicensed patronizer carried by Nettie Bly. See the SUNDAY WORLD.

Ten Days.  
Judge—Why did you kill the man?  
Murderer—To get his watch.  
Judge—And why did you give yourself up?  
Murderer—I was a witness.

Pictures and sketches of New York's ritual boat crew, in the SUNDAY WORLD.

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## THE BOOKS WIDE OPEN

An Absolutely Conclusive Inquiry Into  
"The World's" Circulation.

"BEYOND CAVIL OR DISPUTE."

Three of New York's Famous Bankers as  
Commissioners of Investigation.

THEIR VERDICT PROMPT AND FINAL.

They Were Wm. A. Camp, Manager of the New York Clearing-House for Banks; Thomas L. James, Ex-Postmaster of New York, Ex-Postmaster-General and Now President of the Lincoln National Bank, and O. D. Baldwin, President of the American Loan and Trust Company—They Certify to the Exact Figures of "The World's" Claim that in the Month of March Its Circulation Was 10,709,520 Copies—This Is a Daily Average of 345,468 Copies.

In March last a representative of the business office of THE WORLD called at the offices of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association to see its President, Mr. E. B. Harper, concerning an advertisement which the Company wished to be inserted in THE WORLD.

"But," said Mr. Harper, pointing to an evasive paragraph in a New York morning paper, "it is said here that THE WORLD's claim of circulation is false. My duty to my stockholders compels me to inquire into the character of every investment of the Association's money."

"You need say nothing more," said the representative of THE WORLD; "I am sure the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association will make its own investigation into this proposition. THE WORLD will submit all of its books and other data to you, or to experts chosen by you. If THE WORLD's claim as to its circulation, as published, is not absolutely verified to your satisfaction and to the satisfaction of the experts to be chosen by you, you need not pay a cent for this advertisement."

Mr. Harper forthwith addressed the following communication to Mr. George W. Turner, business manager of THE WORLD:

PREPARED BY THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION, POTTER BUILDING, PARK ROW, NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1889.

DEAR SIR: When I gave the order for the one-half page advertisement for your Sunday edition, March 3, it was with the assurance that the circulation of the Sunday World averaged over 200,000 copies per Sunday. I have since heard it inferred by a large advertiser that the real figures are much below these. As a matter of business, and in justice to the Company, I request the privilege of being allowed to examine your circulation books and making such other investigation as is necessary to establish the true facts before paying the bill. Very truly yours, E. B. HARPER, President.

The reply was prompt, and as follows:

THE WORLD PUBLICATION OFFICE,  
WORLD BUILDING, PARK ROW,  
NEW